

BIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

SEPT.

10¢

NO. 8

IN THIS ISSUE:

**DOUBLE
DEALING
JUSTICE!**



HOPALONG CASSIDY ★ GENE AUTRY ★ CISCO KID & PANTO



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**STEREOSCOPIC
PICTURES**

AT CAMERA,
GIFT AND DEPARTMENT
STORES

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

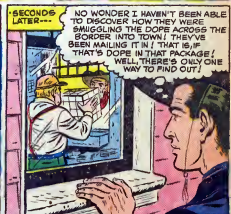
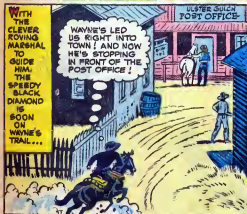
CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

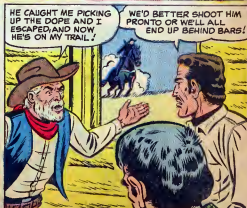
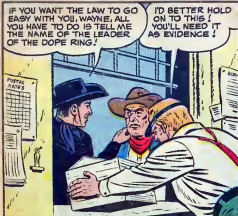
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President



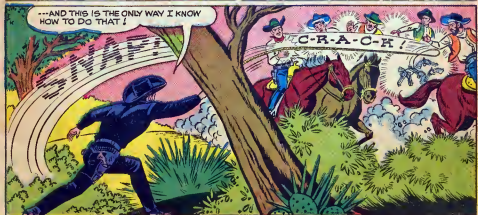




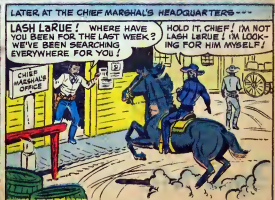
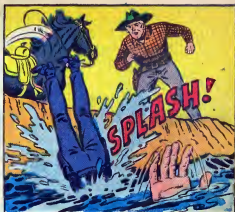




WE'LL LET THEM DO ALL THE FIRING UNTIL THE POSSE GETS HERE! THEN WHILE THE POSSE ATTACKS THEM FROM HERE, I CAN SNEAK AROUND TO THE BACK AND CATCH THEM OFF GUARD!

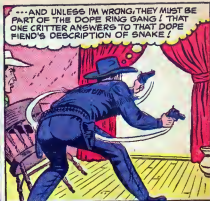
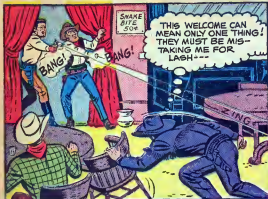


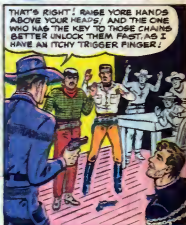






LASH LARUE WESTERN





I'VE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO FIGURE OUT WHO THE LEADER IS WHILE I WAS TIED UP HERE!

GOOD LUCK, LASH!



MEANWHILE, AT THE POST OFFICE--

I'M AFRAID THE GAME'S UP, BOSS! LARUE ESCAPED AGAIN AND ALMOST TRAPPED SNAKE AND ME IN THE SALOON! I GOT AWAY WHEN HE WENT AFTER SNAKE! I CAME HYAR TO TELL YUH I'M HEADING ACROSS THE BORDER!

IF ONE OF THOSE CRITTERS SQUEALS, THE LAW WILL KNOW I'M BOSS OF THE DOPE RING! I RECKON I'D BETTER GO WITH YUH, WAYNE!



YOU'RE NOT GOING ANY- PLACE, WEBSTER! NOR YOU EITHER, WAYNE!

IT'S LARUE AGAIN! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HIS GUN RANGE!



CRASH!

C'MON, WAYNE! I LOCKED THE CAGE! LARUE WOULDN'T SHOOT ANYONE IN THE BACK! WE CAN BE OUT THE BACK WAY BY THE TIME HE FORCES IT OPEN!

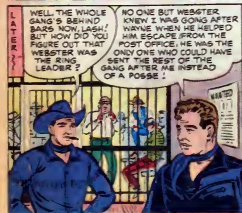


IT'S TRUE I WOULDN'T SHOOT ANYONE IN THE BACK, BUT--



...I DON'T HAVE TO OPEN THIS CAGE TO CATCH YOU TWO! NOT WITH MY TRUSTY BULL-WHIP IN MY HANDS! NOW IT'S THE JAIL-HOUSE FOR YOU TWO!

SNAP!



WELL, THE WHOLE GANG'S BEHIND BARS NOW, LASH! BUT HOW DID YOU FIGURE OUT THAT WEBSTER WAS THE RING LEADER?

NO ONE BUT WEBSTER KNEW I WAS GOING AFTER WAYNE WHEN HE HELPED HIM ESCAPE FROM THE POST OFFICE, HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HAVE SENT THE REST OF THE GANG AFTER ME INSTEAD OF A POSSE!



WELL, I GUESS I CAN BE ON MY WAY AGAIN, LASH! YOU CAN RETURN MY DEPUTY BADGE TO THE CHIEF MARSHAL!

I SURE WILL, FRONTIER, BUT IF YOU EVER GET TIRED OF JUST WANDERING ABOUT THE COUNTRY, DON'T FORGET THE MARSHALS WOULD SURE LIKE TO HAVE YOU JOIN UP PERMANENTLY! SO LONG AND GOOD LUCK!

THE FRONTIER PHANTOM WILL BE BACK SOON IN OTHER THRILLING ADVENTURES IN LASH LARUE WESTERN! ON SALE EVERYWHERE-- ONLY 10¢!

DUSTY • IN • MEET THE MEAT HOUND

DUSTY'S BUTCHER SHOP
 THE BEST MEAT IN THE WEST,
 AND ALL POINTS NORTH, EAST AND SOUTH

SO YO'RE THE CRITTER WHO'S OPENING UP THIS HYAR NEW BUTCHER SHOP, DUSTY! WELL, I RECKON I'M GOING TO BE YORE FIRST CUSTOMER!

A CUSTOMER ALREADY! IF I WAS SUPERSTITIOUS, I RECKON I'D SAY THAT WAS A LUCKY SIGN!

NOW WHAT WOULD YUH LIKE, FRANK?

I'D LIKE A NICE THICK STEAK BUT I CAN'T AFFORD IT, SO I'LL HAVE A HALF POUND OF CHOPPED MEAT!

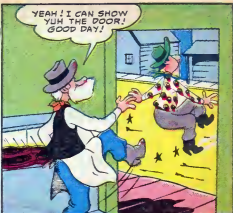
A HALF POUND OF CHOPPED MEAT! THAT WILL BE THREE DOLLARS!

THREE DOLLARS? YUH REMIND ME OF JESSE JAMES!

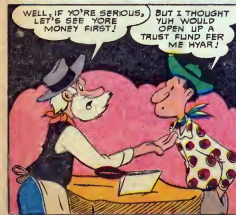
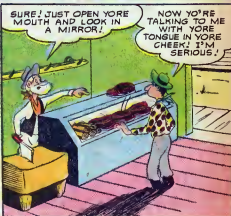
HOW DARE YUH ASSOCIATE ME WITH THAT BANDIT? I DON'T LOOK ANYTHING LIKE HIM!

YUH DON'T LOOK LIKE HIM, BUT YUH SURE WORK LIKE HIM!

LOOK, IT'S NOT MUH FAULT MUH MEAT'S SO EXPENSIVE! MUH COWS EAT THE BEST GRASS AND THEY LIVE IN THE BEST BARNS! SO WHEN THEY DIE---



LASH LARUE WESTERN





Lash LARUE



IN THE NAME
OF THE LAW, I
ORDER YOU
TO STOP!

in **STOLEN
HONOR**

HOW DOES HE EXPECT
GRANGER TO PAY ANY
ATTENTION TO HIS LAWFUL
COMMAND WHEN THE LAW
CAN'T TAKE CARE OF
ITSELF?

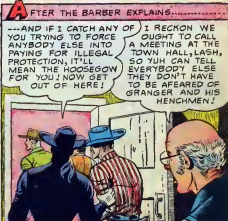
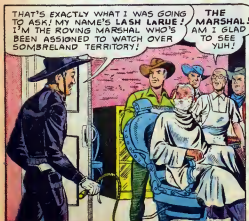
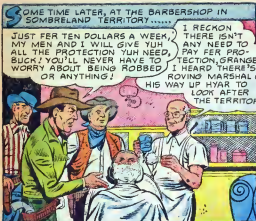
LASH LARUE, ROVING MARSHAL,
FACES THE TOUGHEST CASE
OF HIS CAREER WHEN HE
HAS TO FIGHT DESPERATE
OUTLAWS AND PUBLIC OPINION
TO RECOVER HIS
STOLEN HONOR!

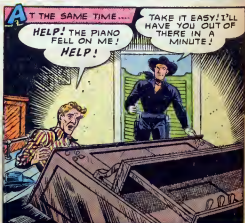
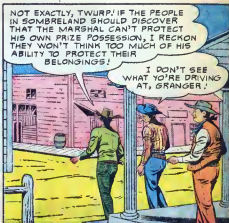
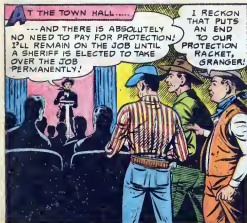
AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE, IN LARADO...

---AND YOU'RE TO MAINTAIN
LAW AND ORDER IN THAT NEW
TERRITORY, SOMBRELAND,
LASH, UNTIL A REGULAR
SHERIFF IS ELECTED!

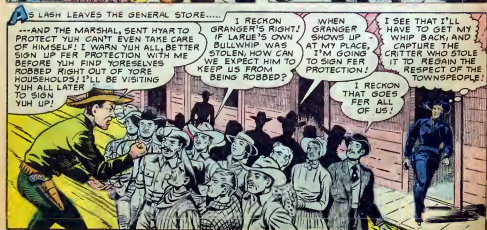
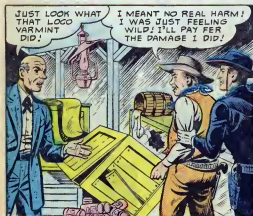
I'LL DO MY
BEST, CHIEF!
LET'S GO,
BLACK
DIAMOND!

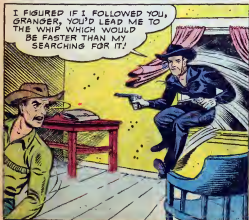
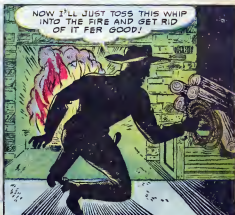
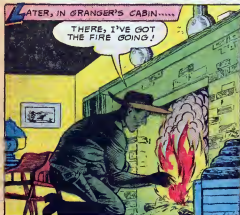
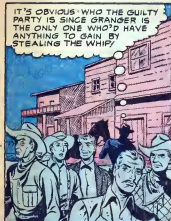
THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO
DO WHEN I REACH SOMBRELAND
IS GET A HAIRCUT! I SURE
DO NEED ONE!

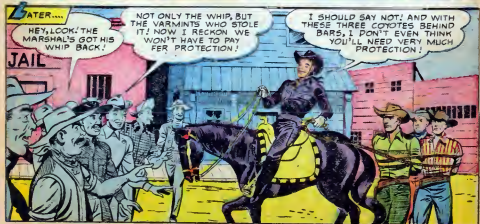
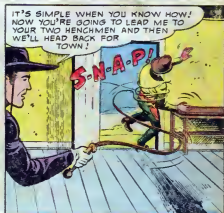


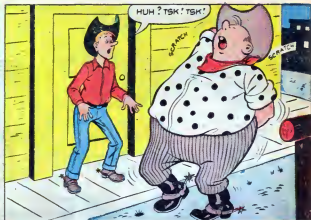












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99

Lash LARUE

IN

HIJACKED!

I'M SHORE GLAD
THE FARGO COMPANY SENT
YOU ALONG TO PROTECT THE FIVE-
THOUSAND DOLLAR ARMY PAYROLL WE'RE
CARRYING. WITH ALL THE HIGHWAY ROBBERIES
WE'VE BEEN HAVING,
IT'S DOUBTFUL IF
WE'LL EVER REACH
FORT GALUM!

WE'RE ONLY TEN MILES
FROM THE FORT! I RECKON
WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT!
RIDERS UP AHEAD!
KEEP YOUR GUN
READY!



SOON.....
HOWDY!
WE'VE BEEN
SENT FROM FORT
GALUM TO MEET THE
PAY WAGON AND
GUARD IT ON ITS
WAY IN!

THAT'S
GOOD!
WE CAN
USE A
FEW MORE
MEN IF ANY
OWLHOOTS
SHOW UP!

I'LL CLIMB UP
HERE IN THE
DRIVER'S SEAT
TO GIVE YOU
A HAND IN
CASE ANYTHING
HAPPENS!

WE'LL
RIDE
WITH YOU!
WITH ALL
THESE
STAGE-
COACH
HOLDUPS
WE CAN'T
BE TOO
CAREFUL!



WE'RE
GLAD TO
HAVE YOU
RIDE
WITH US!



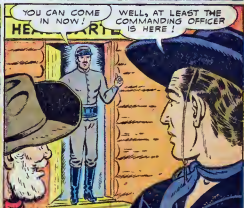
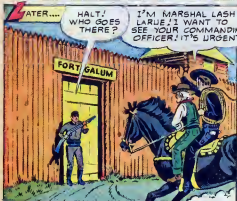
THIS
WILL
HOLD
THEM
FOR A
SPELL!

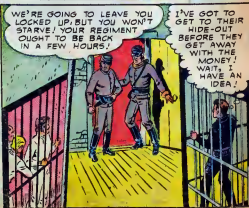
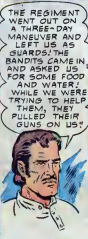
POW!

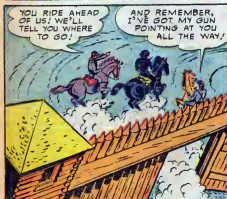
OW!

WHAM!

OOF!

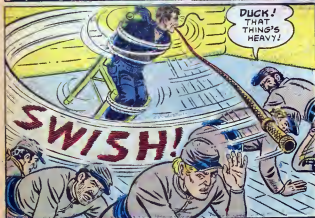






LASH LARUE WESTERN







LASH LARUE

Star of Western Adventures Productions, is coming soon in KING OF THE BULLWHIP! Watch for it at your local theatre!

LASH LARUE is currently playing at your local movie house in:

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| ☆ OUTLAW COUNTRY | ☆ MARK OF THE LASH |
| ☆ SON OF BILLY THE KID | ☆ FRONTIER REVENGE |
| ☆ DEAD MAN'S GOLD | ☆ SON OF A BAD MAN |

Ask your theatre manager when he will show the next LASH LARUE picture!

TRAIN ROBBERS

By Westbrook Wilson

THE little puffet-belly chugged along on silver rails beside the river. Balls of grey wood smoke puffed from its funnel stack and rose above the rocky cliffs.

Suddenly, seven masked riders appeared as if from nowhere, scrambling their horses down the steep incline toward the track. A shot! The grinding of brakes! The locomotive, coming slowly to a halt, and then the train was swarming with masked men. Another successful train robbery by the notorious Seven Brothers was pulled.

In the mining town of Big Hope, the sheriff tilted back his chair and twirled a pair of handcuffs before speaking. "I just got a wire from Riverdale. The Seven Brothers held up another train. When the engineer didn't stop it quite fast enough to suit them, they pumped him full of lead. Those owlhoots are plumb dynamite."

"The law should protect those trains," said Foxy Williams.

The lawman stared across his desk. His lips were firmly pressed together, his eyebrows were lowered in a frown. Then his lips opened, and he gave a slow, low mirthless laugh. "The law isn't an army, and you'd need an army to stop those sidewinders."

"But there are only seven of them," protested Foxy. "Surely..."

"Certainly there are only seven," cut in the sheriff. "But you don't know where they're going to strike next. The law would have to put a crew of deputies on every train that's running in the west. And they'd have to be picked men. Real good men! It's not possible."

Foxy stroked his chin and looked thoughtful. He was a small man, less than medium height and rather slender. Foxy had got that front handle because he was a man of cleverness and imagination. He was famous for finding ways to succeed where others failed. He said, "Well, sheriff, I was planning to ask you for a crew of deputies to guard a train for me. I aim to ship out silver from the mine, and I don't aim to ship it straight to the Seven Brothers."

"No dice," said the sheriff. "I can't spare the men. Besides, if I did it for you, I'd have to do it for every other person who asked me. I'd sure like to help you, but that's how it is. No hard feelings?"

"No hard feelings," said Foxy, getting up and gripping the sheriff's big, brown hand. "If you can't, you can't. Besides I'll figure out something." He started for the door. He had it open when the slow-speaking lawman called, "If I were you, I'd hire Bull's-eye Derring to guard the stuff. He's in town. Over at the Cattleman's House. He's better than seven deputies, anyway."

It was days later. Foxy, himself, was at the throttle as the locomotive hauling the silver chugged easily along on the flat stretch between the river and the cliffs. Opposite Foxy, peering out of the cab through a telescope, was a bronzed six-footer whose hard muscles bulged his checkered shirt. Foxy grumbled, "We'd be making better time if you hadn't insisted on hitching up that logging car, Bull's-eye. That big chain is a heavy load all by itself."

"True," said Bull's-eye.

"Well, let's uncouple it and..."

A shot interrupted. A slug splattered against the side of the iron horse. Then Foxy saw them—seven masked men, scrambling their horses down the steep cliffside, scattering loose pebbles and shale as they came. "Stop the train!" ordered one of the bandits.

Foxy was excited, but not nervous. As he calmly swung an iron shutter into place across the cab window he called to Bull's-eye, "Put up your shutter. Here they are. Fireman, throw plenty of wood in the firebox. We're putting on steam! The throttle's going to be wide open! We're going to see if those ornery Seven Brothers can storm *this* fort! This rolling fort!"

With the shield-like shutters in place, the locomotive cab did become a small fort. Bullets rained against the metal, but instead of obeying the robbers' order to stop, the train picked up speed. Through a slit in the armor, Bull's-eye fired his Colt .45 and managed to wing two of

the bandits before they gave up and fled back up the rocky trail.

The whole flurry was over in a few minutes. Foxy was chuckling as he opened one of the shutters. "I reckon I really outsmarted the Seven Brothers. It was real brainy of me to fix up this engine like a fort. And to put the silver in a car that had the safe. I reckon our cargo's out of danger now."

"It is," agreed Bull's-eye.

"You bet it is," chuckled Foxy.

"Till they come back," drawled Bull's-eye.

The train was puffing up a slight grade, heading from the open plains toward a forest. Bull's-eye was still sweeping the landscape with his telescope. Foxy said, "Relax, can't you? We've demoralized the Seven Brothers. Won't be any more trouble from them."

"Listen!" said Bull's-eye.

"Listen?" Foxy looked puzzled. "I can't hear anything but this wheezing fort-on-wheels. What do you hear?"

"An axe," responded Bull's-eye. "Somebody up ahead is swinging an axe."

"What of it? Just some lumbermen at work and . . ."

The train had entered the forest. Up ahead a tree came crashing down, across the rails. Three masked gunmen stood beside the fallen tree. With an oath, Foxy put on the brakes. The train ground to a halt, its cowcatcher just nudging the bark. Once again the shield shutters were whipped into place, and once more Bull's-eye kept the robbers at a distance with his accurate fire.

"The fools!" fumed Foxy. "This isn't going to get them anywhere. They can't break in here. They can't get at the silver."

"But we're trapped," said Bull's-eye.

Foxy's eyes lighted up. "No we're not. This thing goes in reverse. We'll just back up, return to the mine, get a gang of workmen and . . ."

Once more he was interrupted. This time there was a crash from behind. He looked back and groaned. A hundred yards behind the silver train another tree had been felled across the tracks. "We are trapped!" moaned Foxy. "Well, it won't do them any good. They still can't get the silver."

The masked men were carefully keeping out of range of Bull's-eye's guns. Four others joined

the three who had been standing near the first fallen tree. They seemed to confer. Then they rode off into the woods. "They're gone!" said Foxy. "Let's go out and see if we can pull that tree off the track."

"Sit tight!" commanded Bull's-eye. "That's what they want. Soon as you showed your head they'd shoot it off. Besides, we can't move that tree with our bare hands. Sit tight."

"But what are they doing? Why did they go away?"

"They'll wait out of sight till dark, then they'll come back and smoke us out," said Bull's-eye. "They'll build a fire under us."

Foxy frowned. "I'll have to think of something."

"I've already thought of something," said Bull's-eye. "You sit tight till dark, then do what I tell you. We'll have a fighting chance."

Just past sunset, when the evening was gray, Bull's-eye slipped from the cab on the river side. Soon he had the log chain hooked to the tree. He gave a low whistle, "Whip-poo-will!"

Foxy heard the signal. He started backing the locomotive, slowly. The chain tightened, tugged. The big tree began to slide. Huffing and puffing, the locomotive pulled it, till the trunk was edgewise along the track, but off the rails. Bull's-eye unhooked the chain from the locomotive and yelled, "Full speed ahead!" just as he heard the hoofs and shouts coming up from the woods.

THE engine chugged forward, scraping the big tree, cracking off branches, but plowing ahead. In desperation, the Seven Brothers triggered a fusillade of shots at the fleeing train. One of the masked men spurred his horse, leaped to the logging car, and climbed aboard. Bull's-eye, who had caught the same car from the opposite side a moment before, kayoed him with one blow. The man sprawled unconscious on the flatcar. "When he comes to, he'll either tell us where his brothers' hide-out is, or he'll hang for murder. I think he'll tell us," thought Bull's-eye. All the while he was popping his pistol at the receding Six Brothers, while the train sped on into the night and out of the forest.

In the locomotive cab, Foxy was muttering, "I should change my name. Bull's-eye is the real foxy one! He saved my silver."

"He sure is," said the fireman.

THE END

DOUBLE HEADER TODAY

I GOT THE KNOT HOLE FIRST!

HEY! WHAT AILS PUD? HE MUST BE DUMB!

LOOK! HE'S GOIN' IN JANIE'S HOUSE!

DID YOU BRING THE DUBBLE BUBBLE?

NOT SO DUMB! YOU CAN'T BLOW BUBBLES THROUGH A KNOT HOLE!

WHAT A GUM! DUBBLE BUBBLE SCORES DOUBLE WITH ME EVERY TIME!

BIGGER'N BETTER BUBBLES--

PRICE-A PENNY A PIECE--

AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT--

1¢

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

FUSSY FRANK

RARE HOMBRE!

CHUCK'S CHOP HOUSE

PHOOIE!

HUH? WHAT'S THE MATTER, FRANK?

CHUCK'S CHOP HOUSE

I JUST HAD A TERRIBLE STEAK DINNER IN CHUCK'S CHOW HOUSE!

IS THAT SO?

YUP AND IT TAUGHT ME A LESSON! IF YUH WANT A THING WELL DONE---

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TUH SAY! IF YUH WANT A THING WELL DONE, DO IT YORESELF!

CHUCK'S CHOW

NO, THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN! I WUZ REFERRING TUH THE RESTAURANT! IF YUH WANT A THING WELL DONE---

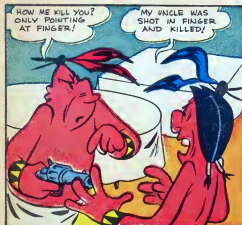
CHUCK'S CHOW

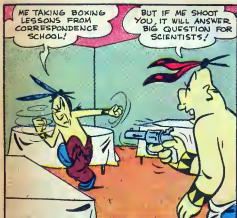
""ORDER IT RARE! THEY ALWAYS GIVE YUH JEST THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT YUH ORDER!""

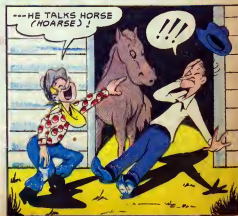
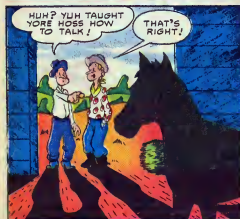
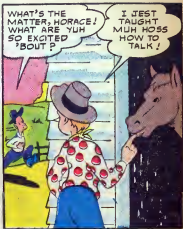
!!!











"Lash" LARUE

and THE KILLERS IN THE HILLS



There was no question about it! The Killers were hiding in the hills! But where? Finding out was only half of the danger-packed job assigned to the master of the bull-whip, Roving Marshal LASH LARUE! The other half was catching the Killers!

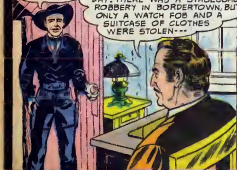
AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE.....

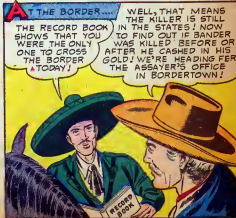
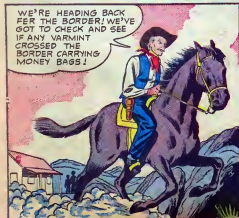
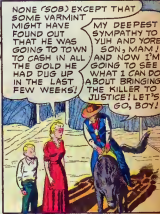
ANYTHING NEW, CHIEF?

NO, LASH, I OPINE YOU'LL HAVE TO COOL YOUR HEELS ANOTHER DAY! THERE WAS A STAGECOACH ROBBERY IN BORDERTOWN, BUT ONLY A WATCH FOB AND A SUITCASE OF CLOTHES WERE STOLEN...

---AND THAT CERTAINLY ISN'T THE KIND OF CASE WORTH PUTTING MY BEST ROVING MARSHAL ON!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, CHIEF, BUT THIS SITTING AROUND IS BEGINNING TO MAKE ME NERVOUS!





AT THE ASSAYER'S OFFICE...

NO, SHERIFF, BANDER NEVER SHOWED UP HYAR WITH ANY GOLD! WHAT'S MORE, I'D SWEAR NO ONE CAME OUT OF THE HILLS CARRYING GOLD TODAY BECAUSE I'VE BEEN SITTING HYAR, LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW ALL DAY AND I'D HAVE BEEN BOUND TO SEE ANY-ONE PASS!



THAT MEANS THE VARMINT IS HOLED UP IN THEM THAR HILLS SOME PLACE! TRYING TO FIND HIM WILL BE LIKE LOOKING FER THE NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK, BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY! LET'S GO, BOY!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HILLS.....

WHAT HAVE YUH GOT THERE, SOUVENIR DICK?

ANOTHER SOUVENIR! YUH KNOW HE TAKES ONE FROM EVERY JOB WE PULL!



WELL, IF IT MAKES HIM HAPPY, RAYBURN, IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME! STEALING ALL THIS GOLD FROM BANDER SURE MADE UP FER THOSE FEW TRINKETS WE GOT WHEN WE ROBBED THE BORDERTOWN STAGECOACH!



I STILL DON'T SEE WHY WE DIDN'T CROSS OVER THE BORDER NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE GOLD!

WHY TAKE A CHANCE OF GETTING CAUGHT LEAVING WITH THE GOLD NOW, WHEN WE CAN HIDE THE GOLD HYAR UNTIL THE HEAT'S OFF, SOUVENIR!



I RECKON YO'RE RIGHT, RAYBURN, BUT WHAT ABOUT CHOW? I'M HUNGRY!

IF YO'RE HUNGRY, ALL YUH GOT TO DO IS RIDE INTO TOWN AND BUY SOME GRUB! NO ONE SUSPECTS US, SO THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFERAED OF!

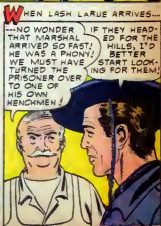
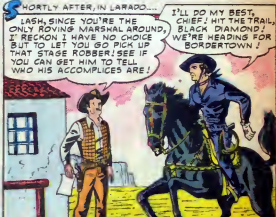


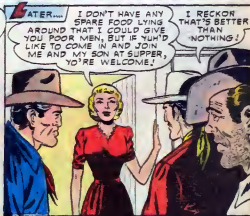
I'LL RIDE ALONG WITH YUH, SOUVENIR! WE MIGHT AS WELL PICK UP ENOUGH CHOW TO LAST ALL OF US FER A FEW DAYS!

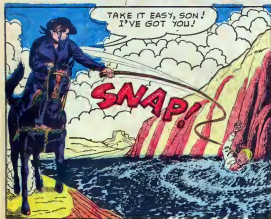
AT THE BORDERTOWN GENERAL STORE....



MAKE IT SNAPPY, SOUVENIR! I'LL WAIT HYAR FER YUH!







I TELL YUH WE OUGHT TO GET OUT OF HYAR AND PICK UP THE GOLD AND VAMOOSE ACROSS THE BORDER! IF SHE KNOWS SOMETHING IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE SHE DESCRIBES US TO THE LAW AND WE'LL HAVE A POSSE AFTER US!



I THINK SOUVENIR'S RIGHT! SOMETHING PHONY IS GOING ON! LET'S SHOOT HER AND SHOVE OFF!

LET'S GIVE THE KID ANOTHER MINUTE TO GET BACK! I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF SHE DID TIP OFF THE LAW!



HE'S GOT ONE MORE MINUTE IN WHICH TO GET BACK---OR YO'RE GOING TO BE FILLED FULL OF LEAD!



MEANWHILE--- IF THOSE VARMINTS SEE YOU RETURNING WITH A STRANGER THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY MIGHT DO TO YOUR MOTHER! IS THERE A BACK ENTRANCE INTO THE CABIN?



NO, BUT THERE IS A CELLAR!

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH! LET'S GO!



THERE'S THE ENTRANCE TO THE CELLAR! THERE'S A TRAP DOOR LEADING UP TO THE MAIN ROOM!



YOU KEEP OUT OF RANGE, BOBBY-- JUST IN CASE THERE IS ANY SHOOTING!



BUT IT LOOKS AS IF THE ROVING MARSHAL IS TOO LATE.....

THE MINUTE'S UP AND SO IS YORE TIME, MRS. BANDER! WHEN I COUNT THREE IT'LL BE ALL OVER FER YUH! ONE--TWO--





TOM MIX TRADING POST



LOOK WHAT YOU CAN GET AT
LOW COST BY USING
SHREDDED RALSTON BOX
TOPS AT MY TRADING POST

A MINATURE
REPRODUCTION OF A FAMOUS

RCA VICTOR

Television Set

With 5 exciting toy television films of your favorite radio, television and movie stars.

Hold this amazing television set up to your eye... turn a hidden dial... and see these wonderful photos and picture stories of Lou Costello... Tom Mix... Marx Brothers... Kukla, Fran and Ollie... and U. S. Jet Planes in Action



**BOTH
FOR ONLY
20¢ AND ONE
SHREDDED RALSTON
BOX TOP**

AN AMAZING, MYSTERIOUS

Magic-Light Tiger-Eye Ring!

GLOWS LIKE A FEROCIOUS
ANIMAL EYE AT NIGHT

Contains a polonium compound which makes it glow in the dark like an eerie tiger's eye.

Mounted on golden plastic band bearing cat's claw design and Tom Mix brand



Golden Plastic Bullet TELESCOPE



Keenest thing you've ever seen! Makes objects 4 times larger... look in other end and objects will be 20 times smaller. Handy magnifying glass for detective work. Wonderful secret compartment for maps and messages!

**BOTH
FOR ONLY
15¢ AND ONE
SHREDDED RALSTON
BOX TOP**

Magic Tone SOUND-EFFECTS WHISTLE



Imitates lots of different kinds of birds... makes "mumble talk"... handy as a secret signal to your friends. Use it to referee or cheer at games.

COLORFUL COWBOY BELT

Luminous Plastic—
Glow in The Dark

**\$1.00 VALUE
for only 20¢**

and 1 SHREDDED RALSTON BOX TOP

White plastic belt that glows in the dark. Embossed with real Western scenes and brands. Shiny metal buckle, engraved with Tom Mix design, has secret compartment for hiding messages. Adjustable to any child's size. Girls will want it, too.



USE THIS HANDY ORDER BLANK

TOM MIX Trading Post, Box 775-FW
Checkerboard Square, St. Louis 1, Mo.

DEAR TOM: Enclosed are \$_____ and
SHREDDED RALSTON box tops. Please send the following items
from your Trading Post.

- _____ RCA Toy Television Set and Magic-Light Tiger-Eye Ring.
_____ Golden Plastic Bullet Telescope and Magic-Tone
Sound-Effects Whistle.
_____ Luminous Cow Boy Belt

Name _____

(PRINT)

Address _____

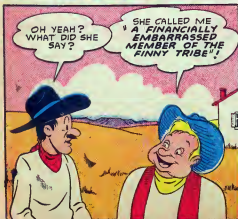
City _____ State _____

Offer good only in U. S. and may be withdrawn at any time. Offer void if this form of merchandising is licensed, restricted or prohibited in your city, county or state.

MOLASSES MOUTH



HAS
FLATTERED BRAINS!

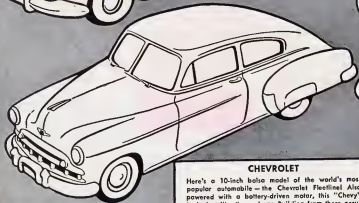
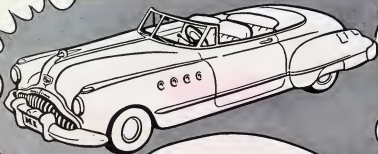


HEY GANG!

**LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
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BUICK CONVERTIBLE

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CHEVROLET

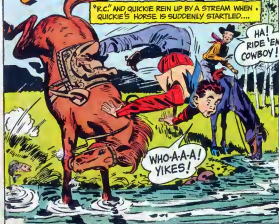
Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile — the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

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QUICKSAND!

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AND QUICKIE ADVENTURE!



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